

The Daily Telegram.

Vol. 1.—No. 3.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1899.

Price: Two Cents.

FRANK SMITH & SON.

HALF PRICE

December 7 and 8, we will sell you

THE CHUW CAMERA

Usually sold for \$2.50, at \$1.25.
It will make one of the most enjoyable and profitable presents

FOR CHRISTMAS

Remember this is not a toy but an all right camera at less than wholesale price. This is the way we are doing with many things this holiday season. Don't fail to look over our large stock before purchasing. There are 1001 things that are useful, beautiful and joyful. Come early and often.

FRANK SMITH & SON.

First Impressions are Always Lasting

When we opened our store just a year ago, we aimed to let you know that we had for sale Honest Goods, Misrepresented nothing, and always tried to please you, feeling that A SATISFIED CUSTOMER WAS OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT. We believe we have given you this impression, and we now have a very choice line of Holiday Goods open for your inspection again. It will be to your interest to call and look them over.

Brabb The Jeweler.

THIS MAN

Says the next time he goes to town to buy groceries, he is going to the depot to trade, where there is room to hitch his horses, and where there are no electric cars every few minutes to frighten them. Of course he will come to *Our Store*, they all do. He knows that we pay the highest price for produce and that we sell good groceries at as low prices as we ought to. The holidays will soon be here. Are you going to have a family party? We have got the "stuff" to make it a success. **CHRISTMAS COFFEES.**

13c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c. Each a winner in its grade. **CHRISTMAS TEAS.**

30c, 35c, 40c and the famous Royal Satsuma at 50c. Ceylon Tea, the Salada, 50c and 60c. Home made Mince meat. Finest Buckwheat ever sold, 25c for glass can or 10c lb. in bulk. Try our Bread, Cakes, Pies, etc, fresh each morning.

HOPKINS & DAVIS.

THE WHEELMAN'S BRAND.

No question about it. The people that drink Stroh's Bottled Beer are satisfied that they drink the best. Sold at The Senate, 129 Congress St., Ypsilanti. 1-6

Furnished Room for Rent—One front room, nicely furnished, at 218 N. Washington street, corner Emmet, front entrance. 2-7

WANTED—Position as housekeeper by a middle aged lady. Inquire at THE DAILY TELEGRAM office. 1-w

Mills, the Baker, is prepared to supply wants your for anything in his line Telephone No 320, two rings or call at 30 East Cross St.

To the Public

COME ONE COME ALL

We have a full supply of household goods to select from. Carpets a specialty, also Furniture in its various lines. CASH or monthly payments. No agents out to drum the people to death. Give us a call.

HOUSEHOLD INSTALLMENT CO. BRANCH

C.E. Buell, Pres. E. L. Buell, Sec.
D. A. Wright, Treas. E. H. Vail, Mgr.
Follett House Bldg., Depot.

SOME AWFUL DEATHS.

FEARFUL FORMS IN WHICH THE GRIM DESTROYER CALLS.

The Venom of a South Australian Spider and the Frightful Agony It Causes—A Grain That Makes Its Victim a Raving Maniac.

What is the most awful shape in which death may come to mortal man? Not by fire, nor by water, nor by gunshot. These are mere pleasures to some of the deaths by which you may die.

The most agonizing of all is caused by an insect half the size of a pea—a small black spider. It lives in Peru and South Australia, but a few specimens have reached Europe and America in shiploads of timber. Not long ago a dock laborer was unlucky enough to come upon one in the Victoria docks while unloading a bark. The tiny death dealer dropped upon the back of his hand and dug its fangs into his flesh. The bite itself was nothing, but as soon as the poison began to work the man fainted with pain. Soon afterward he came to and lived three days before the end came.

This spider's venom scorches up the blood vessels and spreads through all the tissues, causing the most fearful agony a human being can have to bear. The worst of it is that the victim lives at least two days, enduring unthinkable anguish the whole time. This spider is luckily not common. It is known as the "specky," and when a man who knows what the bite means is bitten he generally blows out his brains.

Another fearful death is caused by eating a grain called "bhat." This sometimes gets mixed with rice, which it resembles. The plant grows in the east, and a few grains of it will drive one into a state of violent mania. The victim becomes drowsy at first and afterward hilarious, then he goes stark, staring mad and tears himself literally to pieces with his fingers, biting mouthfuls out of his limbs. It is bad enough to see such a case, but as for experiencing it—

This grain is only found in remote parts of the east, but both white men and natives are killed by it occasionally in the east, for the plant grows in with the rice crops and can scarcely be told apart, but that the dried grain is of a reddish color.

Of course falling into a vat of boiling metal, as unfortunate workmen sometimes do, sounds bad enough, but it is mercifully quick. There is a South American vine called the "knotter," which is far worse. It twines around any living thing that comes within reach, twisting its long tentacles about a man as a devilish might. These tentacles sear and burn into the flesh like white hot wires, and the victim is dragged into the heart of the foliage and his juices slowly drained, as a spider sucks the blood of a fly.

All say that the pain is worse than they could have believed it possible for a man to feel. The "knotter" is well known to scientists and is, in fact, a sort of huge flytrap plant. Those who have strong instincts of cruelty, coupled with curiosity, sometimes force a dog into the grip of the "knotter" to watch the effects, which are too horrible to describe in detail.

Again, there is nothing very much worse than hydrophobia, when genuine. The patient often lives for days in the acute stage and in his last hours is simply tied up in knots and bent backward and forward like a bow. It is a very rare disease with human beings, for most people bitten by rabid dogs, a small number at most, escape it. In extreme cases the patient actually snarls and bays like any hound, and, next to experiencing it, the worst thing is to watch a case. It is as distressing a spectacle as any man could witness.

There is a snake called the "lancer," which lives in South America, and is very ready with its fangs. It is a small, brown, insignificant beast, but its bite induces a sort of imaginary swelling all over the victim's body. He feels as if every inch of him were being strained to breaking point, and the agony which results is too awful for words. Generally, however, the excess of pain drives the bitten man mad before very long, and in four hours he dies—a senseless imbecile.

But, all said and done, perhaps there is no death much worse than by the common disease of cancer, which gnaws at the patient's vitals through month after month of unceasing agony and slays its victim at last through sheer exhaustion.—London Spectator.

His Little Contribution.

One of the many stories told of the late Dr. Wallace, M. P., is to the effect that when the editor of a local paper in the north asked him "if he would kindly furnish an article on 'a light theological topic'" Wallace responded with one bearing the title "The Relations Between the Presbyterian Church and Modern Thought." When set up the article made 40 columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor, "We've got no leader," the reply was, "Eh, mon, just sneak off about a column and a quarter o' Wallace." In this way the contribution was used, first working down from the beginning, then upward from the end.—London Academy.

SAW A DEVILFISH LEAP.

An Experience Which the Spectator Does Not Wish to Renew.

When a youngster I was homeward bound from Santa Anna with a cargo of mahogany, and when off Cape Campeche was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish, writes a world wide traveler. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster, some 18 feet across and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head.

There, what appeared to be two curling horns, about three feet apart, rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eyes as he turns sideways under your vessel's counter and looks up to see if any one is coming, are ghastly, green and cruel; but this thing's eyes were all this and much more. I felt that the book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet.

Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogey, I could not move until the awful thing, suddenly waving what seemed like mighty wings, soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about six feet, falling again with a thunderous splash that might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted with fright, for the next thing I was conscious of was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates.

Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the daytime. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous splash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that batlike leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe inspiring horrors capable of playing gamboling.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Unreasonable.

"Yes, we're at sword's points," admitted a suburbanite, while discussing a neighbor.

"Fault on both sides, I presume?" "No, sir, not a bit of it. I've been unfortunate, that's all, and he won't listen to explanations."

"Shot his dog, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, but it was this way. I heard the whole street in shrieks and rushed to the window. Boys were climbing trees, mothers hustled their babies inside and locked their doors, and down the center of the street came that dog like all possessed. Of course I thought he was mad. 'So would anybody, and I shot him."

"Come to find out, he'd been rooting into a bumblebees' nest. I'm no expert on mad dogs and told my neighbor so, but he stormed around as though he had bees in his own hair, and I just dropped him."

"What made him madder was that I hit him in the head with an old coal scuttle. I can't see through a tight board fence, can I? I didn't know he was snooking through the alley when I threw the thing away. He was so mad that I didn't recognize his voice. I told him we didn't allow such talk and had him kicked across part of a subdivision before I discovered who he was. Then I apologized, but there's no reason in him."—Detroit Free Press.

He Hated Dem Britishers.

When Admiral Cockburn's marauders ravaged Tilghman's island in 1814, during the war between the United States and Great Britain, they found a different country from the Tilghman's island of today. Then the white population was less than 50. Old George, a Tilghman slave, who afterward belonged to the Harrisons of Long Point, where in his old age he had a comfortable quarter and a boy to wait on him, was one of the victims of Cockburn's marauders and used to tell how "dem ar' Britishers made me run down me own hawg, and not only dat, my young master, dey make me kill 'im and skin 'im, hang um!" And the old negro's heart would burn with indignation at the memory. Old George lived to be a hundred, according to the record of his birth kept by his mother's master, and lived in great comfort in his old age. He died in 1850 on Cedar Point farm, the home then of his last master, the late Theodore P. Harrison of Baltimore.—Baltimore Sun.

Composition on Breathing.

A boy, 14 years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get outdoors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diagram."—Detroit Free Press.

His Experience.

Watts—What was the worst storm you ever encountered?

N. Peck—I think it blew at the rate of about 300 words a minute.—Indianapolis Journal.

Anything Jabe Sells bears the Quality Stamp.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT

when you want the right styles and all the latest fads in

CLOTHING

Go where the stock is New.

I (not we) have opened a new

Clothing, Hat and Gents' Furnishing Goods Store at

NO. 17 N. HURON ST. YPSILANTI.

"All by myself," at which place I shall be pleased to see my old friends (and the new ones too) to whom I extend an invitation to see me in my new quarters.

The Little Store
Around the
Corner.

DEPENDABLE GOODS
AT
RIGHT PRICES.

J. B. WORTLEY.

There is no other.

THE OPEN MOUTH.

Said to Be a Survival of Babyhood Tendencies.

Hiram M. Stanley advances a new explanation of the tendency to open the mouth in surprise and astonishment. Darwin ascribed this tendency to the intuitive desire for quietness and effectiveness of breathing and to mere relaxation of the muscles. Mr. Stanley finds a deeper organic reason—namely, that the open mouth is the attention sign, and is a primitive and constant reaction with the young of many animals for the reception of food—for example, with birds.

Any sound or other stimulus immediately causes the young bird to extend its mouth. With young infants the same influence has often the same effect. The mouth of the infant under such stimulation usually assumes the sucking form, and its smile when the finger is pointed at it may be either nascent or degraded sucking.

Mr. Stanley maintains that the common and highly useful tendency of the very young to open the mouth to all stimuli, visual, aural, etc., continues as a survival in after life, being especially brought out with stimuli of high intensity and unusual quality and thus becomes a mark of surprise and astonishment. It is a habit very common among boys and girls to open the mouth under any attention. The rise of smiling and laughter as connected with wit and humor—at the basis of which lies surprise—thus declares itself as a kind of attention expression.

Assuming that the primary expression of the mouth is a feeding expression and that this probably has been modified and evolved in connection with a variety of attention phenomena, Mr. Stanley suggests that it would be worth while to make a detailed study of expression in infants and young animals with this point in view.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lemons For the Hands.

One of the best possible manure acids is lemon juice, diluted with a little warm water. It not only removes stains from the nails, but loosens the cuticle far better than scissors will. Lemons are also excellent for whitening hands which have become tanned by exposure to the sun in boating or other outdoor exercise.—Home Notes.

Greatness, after all, in spite of its name, appears to be not so much a certain size as a certain quality in human lives. It may be present in lives whose range is very small.

A HERO OF THE MINE.

He Risked His Life to Save That of a Fellow Workman.

Heber Franklin, a young man employed at the Clear Creek mine, is as much a hero as any man who ever braved death on the battlefield. Franklin sought not glory, but to save a human life. There was a fire in the mine. The men were called out. Then they were about to shut off the air in order to stop the flames, when it was learned that a lone miner was working deep in the mine beyond the point where the fire started and was then raging with growing strength. Here is the story of the subsequent events:

Foreman Thomas immediately called for volunteers to go with him into the mine to rescue the man. Several attempts were made by different ones, but they were driven back by the flames, and the cry of "Powder!" caused a hasty retreat.

Finally Heber Franklin, a young man whose work keeps him on the outside, said, "I will go." And accompanying Foreman Thomas he pressed on through the fire and found the man working away tamping a hole, entirely unconscious of the danger threatening him. They succeeded in getting out of the mine safely, when the fan was shut off and the dip closed up. The rescue was an act of great bravery on the part of Franklin, as his work kept him on the outside and he was unacquainted with the exact lay of the land inside, and the danger of suffocation from black damp was great. He was the only man of the many standing by whose nerve did not desert him.

It is stated upon good authority that ten minutes more of lost time would have resulted in the death of the miner who was at work and possibly a great loss to the company, as the supply of air could not be cut off while there was any hope of rescue, and this would have tended to feed the flames.—Salt Lake Herald.

Touched.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$50 easy chair?" "Of course! How else do you imagine my wife could come by \$50?"—Detroit Journal.

In Belgium at 6 o'clock, evening, you hear from every cottage the voices of father, mother and children and servants saying their prayers, and it is much the same at noon.

The cabbage still grows wild in Greece, where it originated. Radishes are native to China, but have been grown in Europe for centuries.

THE CORPORATION'S EQUITY.

Perhaps the day is approaching when those who have the granting of public franchises to corporations will act with the insight and discretion that so important a function requires. As universal experience in the granting of public privileges for a length of time seems to indicate, the grantee usually is able to maintain an advantage under some technical construction of their instrument, or some ambiguity of terms not anticipated or intended by the grantors. But the one consideration upon which public franchises are supposed to be granted, is that of public benefit, and more frequently than otherwise, the outcome is that while public benefit naturally follows, the whole advantage, from the peoples' standpoint, is compromised and off set by some selfish advantage taken by the corporation and contrary to the spirit of the franchise.

The present disability under which our city lines, due to discrimination in rates on the Detroit, Ypsilanti & Railroad against Ypsilanti is quite specific as an example. It is to be presumed that when this company was granted a right of way through our township, the consideration for the privilege was anticipated benefits to accrue to the public from the building and proper operation of the line. There is no doubt but that the granting of these franchises has been of great mutual advantage to all parties involved, but some points were overlooked and the peoples' side of the case must consequently suffer detriment. The electric line is a great blessing to our city and people, but discriminating rates are decidedly to the contrary. All the difficulty is due to the fact that our township with others that gave the corporation privileges only through a short distance, allowed it to collect exactly the same fare that other townships beyond allowed for the whole six miles. As the situation now is, the company has the upper hand; and while no censure necessarily attaches to the company's officials, the injustice to our city and people is none the less aggravated. As it now looks, we are creatures of the company's "official equity" as to the reality of which we may conclude more easily later on.

MARKET REPORTS.

The following range in prices today in the Chicago grain market is reported for The Telegram by the Hawkins' House brokers' office, over the Imperial Stock & Grain Co's wire:

	open	high	low	close
Wheat—				
May	69½	70	69½	69½
July	70½	70½	69½	69½
Corn—				
May	32½	32½	32½	32½
Oats—				
May	24½	24½	23½	24-
Pork—				
Jan.	955	967	952	965
May	972	985	967	985
Lard—				
Jan.	522	530	522	530-
May	542-	550	542	550
Ribs—				
Jan.	507	515	507	512
May	522-	530	522-	530

Liverpool opening cable, Wheat ½ higher. Corn ½ higher. Liverpool—1:30 p. m. Wheat ½ lower. Corn ½ lower. London—1:30 p. m. Wheat Cargoes quiet. Options ½ lower. London—1:40 p. m.—Wheat now firm.

American News Via London.

Another case of going abroad to get the news. A London paper said the other day: "New York is on the eve of a fierce social struggle. The persistence with which 'Boss' Croker, Mayor Van Wyck and the other magnates of Tammany have been ignored by the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Gerrys, the Goetschs, the Livingstons and the other members of New York's exclusive Four Hundred has so galled and irritated the families of the former that they have resolved upon founding a new and still more exclusive society of their own, which is to take the sails out of its rival."

Degenerate Cockney.

The language of the lower Londoner is changing:
"Getch trine?"
"Now. Trine gawn, ent it?"
Translated:
"Get your train?"
"No. Train gone, hasn't it?"
Ent (the old ain't) seems to cover isn't, wasn't, weren't has, hasn't, have haven't, had, hadn't.—Notes and Queries.

A Brilliant Finish.

"I saw him kiss you just before he was leaving," said the sour visaged aunt, and she said it in a regular dull thud tone.
"Yes, auntie."
"Well, I can realize that it would be the last thing he would think of." And she sailed out as though she had scored every possible point.—Detroit Free Press.

BURGLARS
PLENTIFUL.

Ypsilanti Seems to be a Stopping Point

And Attempted House Breaking is an Everyday Occurrence.

The number of burglaries and attempts at house breaking which have been perpetrated in the city during the past few months lead to the belief that Ypsilanti is being made the abiding place of an organized gang of mauraders, who must needs be dispersed before citizens can be assured of peace and security. The latest attempt, which can almost be classed as a success, occurred at 511 Prospect street, last Friday afternoon, at the home of Joseph McGrath, collector for the Ypsilanti Gas Co.

Mrs McGrath, Joseph's mother, left the house at 11 o'clock in the morning, locking the door and taking the key with her. Joseph appeared on the scene at noon, but as he had no key was unable to enter. After making various futile attempts to make his way inside, he remembered that his mother and he were to take dinner that day at the home of relatives in another part of the city, and he accordingly repaired there. After dinner he secured the key, returned to the house, made his way in and spent a few moments in attention to some trifling matters of household management. As far as he observed then there was nothing in the dwelling disturbed in any way, and there were no signs of mauraders.

The above transpired at 1:30 o'clock, and when the mother came, two or three hours later, a transformation had been wrought. Instead of an orderly, well kept establishment, the floors were strewn with clothing, letters, and papers, which had been hustled from drawers, closets, trunks and writing desks. Rapid work had evidently been the watch word of those responsible for the confusion, as foot prints on the articles showed that they had been hauled out, glanced over and then thrown under foot. The family silver chanced to be packed away so securely that it had eluded the vigilance of the miscreants, and there was nothing else of value in the house. Money had evidently been the object of search, and as that was lacking nothing at all had been taken. The neighbors were questioned as to whether they had observed suspicious characters about the premises, during Mrs. McGrath's absence, but they one and all positively denied having seen any one except Joseph himself at noon and 1:30. Doors and windows were all secure, and there was positively no clue to the manner in which entrance had been made.

Said Mr. McGrath to a Telegram reporter, "The whole thing seems mighty strange. Here I was in the house at 1:30 and I am sure everything was all right. When my mother came back about 4 o'clock everything was upside down, but there were no traces of the burglars or the way they had managed to get in. That they tumbled everything about and then left without taking anything is a little strange, too. I think, however, that they expected to find some money. People about town know I am collector for the Gas Co., and almost every day have pretty large sums of money, and from that think I must keep some of it home. They make a mistake, though, as not a cent of the company's money, and but very little of my own remains in my possession after banking hours. What I collect during the day I deposit just before the closing of the bank, so they will get fooled if they come around to the house after it. It looks as if the people Friday were acquainted with the house, as they searched every place where there was any possibility of hiding valuables. They even went to a trunk where I keep old letters and threw the whole lot on the floor, after taking them from their envelopes. They made me a lot of work that time, as it will be a job of an hour to sort the letters out again and find their envelopes. I can't understand the letter business, as they must have known they would contain nothing valuable. It looks a little like a practical joke, but I don't know anyone who would go into joking as deep as that. T. S. Whitford of the east side, recently had just about the same experience. His house was left alone one day for a few hours, and when the family returned they found that some one had tumbled all the portable articles in the center of the floors. Nothing was missing there, either, and there were no clues by which the burglars could be located, or by which their entrance into the house could be determined. They are both of them mighty funny cases, and I would give a good deal to have them explained."

Here's Another One

The attempted burglary at the home of T. S. Whitford, of 634 River street, is recalled by the happening at Joseph McGrath's Friday. The two cases are nearly identical, as can be seen from Mr. Whitford's account of his experience: "My wife left the house one afternoon and on her return at four o'clock discovered that during her absence some person or persons had effected an entrance through a kitchen window and had ransacked everything. Clothes and papers were scattered over the floor and drawers from writing desks and bureaus were

piled up everywhere. I never leave valuables in the house and consequently nothing had been taken. Whoever they were they must have been quick workers to have gone so thoroughly through the house on such short notice. I learned not to have money or jewelry about the house a year ago when burglars broke in and made a big haul. Both times they must have been acquainted with my business and have known something about the house. We have never found the slightest clue to their identity and probably never shall. McGrath was telling me about the little time over at his house. It was almost exactly the same as my experience, which rather gives color to the presumption that both jobs were done by the same parties."

RECITAL.

Following is the program for the next faculty concert at Ann Arbor, which will be given Thursday evening. Frederic Abel, a well-known cellist of Detroit, will assist:

Trio for piano, violin and 'cello. Op. 15 No. 1. Rubinstein
Con moto Moderato Finale.
Alberto Jonas, Bernard Sturm,
Frederic Abel.

Prologue, "Paggiacci" - Leoncavallo
Gardner S. Lamson.

Novellietin for piano, violin and 'cello. Op. 29. Niels W. Gade
Allegro scherzando, Moderato Allegro
Alberto Jonas, Bernard Sturm,
Frederic Abel.

Nazareth. Gounod
Gardner S. Lamson.

Persons wishing to join the orchestra now being formed in the school of Music can see Mr. Sturm Wednesday, Friday or Saturday afternoon, from five to six o'clock at the school of Music. The first rehearsal will be Monday, Dec. 11, at 7 o'clock.

CIRCUIT COURT.

The case against the Michigan Central went to the jury this morning.

The trial of the \$20,000, damage suit against the M. C. was ended this forenoon. Judge Kinne's charge was substantially, that if the evidence showed that those servants of the company who were in charge of the train maintained such a lookout as the circumstances ordinarily demanded; and that decedent was not on the track or in sight a sufficient time to permit a danger signal to be given or the train to be stopped before the decedent was struck, then the company's servants were not grossly negligent and there can be no recovery. But if decedent was walking on the track, and although he was a trespasser, if the trainmen did not maintain a proper lookout, and if the accident was due their failure to maintain such care and lookout, then the company is liable and recovery lies.

Changes at the M. C. Depot.

The new ticket office and operator's room at the M. C. depot which has been in the course of construction for some time past is now practically completed. In a few days the ticket business will be transferred to its new quarters, when the demolition of the old office will be commenced. The alterations will add greatly to the facilities of the office and appearance of the waiting room.

Thomas M. Thompson, who has heretofore acted as ticket agent, is about to leave the employ of the Central here. His duties will be taken up by Mark Whitman, telegraph operator. Elmer E. Mower, late cashier to the M. C. R. R. in this city, resigned his position Dec. 1, and has entered the insurance business. He will represent the Mutual of New York, in and about this city. Mr. Mower has been in the employ of the M. C. R. R. about 17 years and filled a very responsible position at the Ypsilanti depot.

Go Easy.

A case of excessive zeal on the part of police officers occurred last night about midnight. A young man, presumably a student from Ann Arbor, appeared on Congress street and began the peculiar diversion of kicking over several bicycle racks which stood before down town places of business. A nightwatchman was attracted by the noise, promptly arrested the young fellow for disturbing the peace and lodged him in the lock-up. There he remained until 11 o'clock this morning, when his captor took him before Justice Childs. The justice gave the gentleman a kindly lecture and released him on the payment of \$4.15 costs. Arrest, imprisonment and fine appears an unduly harsh punishment for a moment of boisterous fun such as students the world over love to "enjoy." There are opportunities enough and to spare for Ypsilanti officers to make arrests for disturbance of the peace, without making an example of a young lad who had no intentions of wrong doing.

A Treat for the Choir.

The Ladies of St. Luke's church tendered the St. Luke's vested choir their annual Thanksgiving supper at the parish house Tuesday evening. The choir and the few other invited guests made a merry company of 50. At the conclusion of the supper a few remarks were made by the Rev. Wm. Gardam, two vocal solos were rendered by George Vail, and the company united in telling stories. The following is credited to Ben Kief: "Did you hear about the runaway on Congress St. this morning?" "No, what was it?" Ben—"A cloud of dust running away from White Wings Denny Riley."

A STREET CAR COMEDY.

The Girl and Her Purse and Five Smart Young Men.

As soon as the good looking girl entered the car the five young men on the opposite seat began surveying her with critical eye, and she hadn't yet made out whether the baldheaded man with the medical magazine was to be included in the lot when the conductor came in for his fare. The girl opened her portemonnaie and began to take out latchkeys, samples of ribbon and little memoranda in the usual way, and the five young men smiled, each after his own particular style. Baldheaded was out of it. The girl didn't see any of the smiles, but she caught on just the same. There was a nickel all ready for her fingers, but when one pale faced young man added a giggle to his smile the nickel was thrust aside for a \$2 bill. She didn't hand it over to the conductor as she fished it out; but, leaning forward with a winning smile on her face, she began at the head of the line and asked:

"Will you please be so kind as to change this bill for me?"

It was impossible. A young man with only a dime in his pocket has no show to bust a bill. The next one had a quarter, but he had to decline, and so it went to No. 5. His hand sought his pocket as his turn came, but it didn't bring up any change. The smiles had been replaced by sheepish looks, and they rubbed elbows and trod on each other's feet in trying to look out of the windows. There was a long minute of painful suspense, and then the good looking girl handed the bill to the conductor. She hadn't a word to say to the five young men who had started out in life so gayly, but old baldheaded had. When all was over, he turned half around and growled out:

"If I were you fellows, I wouldn't try to be so blamed smart next time."—Philadelphia Press.

WHY SHE RESIGNED.

The Member of a Woman's Club Founded the Two Pops.

"For the last year or so my wife has been ambitious to shine as a literary light," said Smith, with a chuckle. "I don't know how many clubs she joined, but if there were any that she did not belong to it was because she had never heard of them."

"The other night while I was reading my paper she interrupted me with a request for light about something that I did not catch except the word pope."

"Well," said I, looking over my paper.

"I want to know about him," she continued. "I must read a paper concerning him at our next literary meeting, and I do not know a single thing about him. Who is he?"

"Do you mean to say," said I, "that you know nothing about the head of the Roman church?"

"Oh, of course!" she answered. "How stupid of me! I can read all about him in the encyclopedia."

"I resumed my reading and thought that ended it, but it didn't. The other night when I returned home I found my wife in tears, and before I had time to inquire what the matter was I was called to account in 17 different kinds of keys."

"Well, when the storm was over I learned the truth. It was the poet Pope and not the pope of Rome that she was expected to treat upon, and when she rose and read a paper on the pope it started a row that did not end with adjournment."

"But, seeing that she has resigned from all the clubs and that the children once more have a chance to get acquainted with their mother, I do not look upon it as a calamity."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Objection.

A New Hampshire man wished to have telephone connection between his house and a new one built for his son's summer residence. The best route took the wire over the cottage of an old lady, to whom he applied for permission to make the slight use of her roof that was necessary.

The old lady gave her consent, but made a firm stipulation at the same time.

"I'm willing you should run wires over my roof and hitch 'em wherever you see fit," she said pleasantly, "provided you don't use 'em after 9 o'clock at night. That's my bedtime, and I'm a light sleeper at best, and the noise of folks talking overhead would be sure to keep me awake."—Youth's Companion.

A Bargain.

"Arthur, dear," she said, "I do wish you would not use cigarettes."

"Why?"

"Because you don't know what is in them."

"Oh, yes, I do! Why, for the trifling sum that cigarette costs you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphia and any quantity of carbon."

She looked up into his eyes and murmured, "Arthur, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"—Brisbane Review.

The Modest Lawyer.

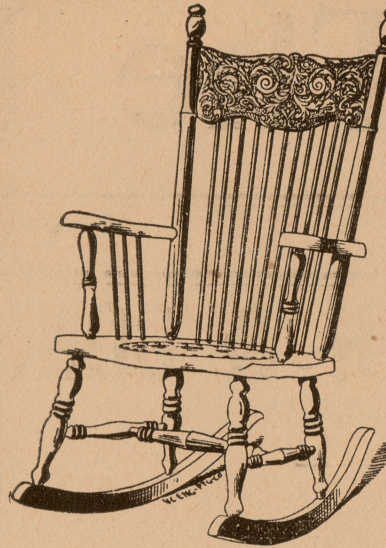
A lawyer walked down the street recently with his length of arms taxed to hold a lot of law books.

Pointing to the books, a friend said, "Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head?"

"I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink. "These are for the judges."

Messrs. Macmillan, the great London booksellers, in their spacious premises have, it is stated, shelf room for 4,500,000 books.

Let every one turn himself round and look at home, and he will find enough to do.

Our Stock of
ROCKERS

Was never so complete as at the present time. We have over 300 different patterns to select from. 25 different styles of Cobbler Seat Rockers, in Antique, English, Golden and other Oak Finishes, also in Mahogany, Natural Birch and Mahoganized Birch. Comfortable, well made Rockers for a little money.

Prices \$2.00 to \$10.00 each.

WOOD SEAT ROCKERS.

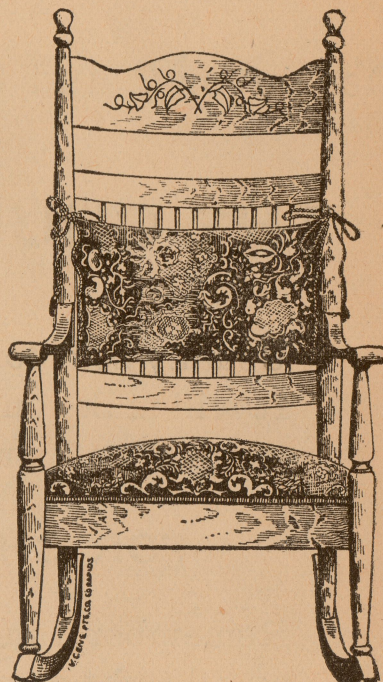
In many of same designs as the cobbler seats, with saddle seats, highly polished, in Oak, Mahogany and Birch. Prices from \$2.00 up.

In Upholstered ROCKERS.

Our stock is well assorted and up to date. We show all the new coverings, and our prices are right. This neat Rocker, same as in cut, with spring seat and cushion back, in Oak, Mahogany Finish, finely polished. Special price to Dec. 24, \$4.50. Similar pattern, on patent roller rockers at \$5.00.

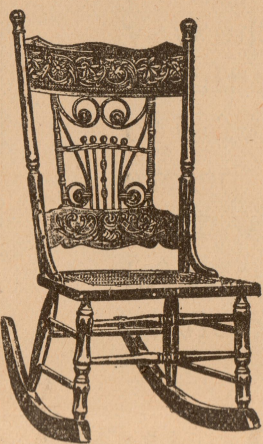
Rattan Rockers

Are like the "One Hoss Shay," they never break down, but will last through years of hard usage. We have 50 different patterns, \$2.50 to \$10.00 each.



SEWING CHAIRS.

Cane Seat Sewing Chairs—low and comfortable, strong and durable, well made and nicely finished, at \$1.00 to \$6.00



WALLACE & CLARKE

5 Union Block.

1002

New articles that we have just received for the Holiday Trade.

Handkerchiefs

Mufflers

New Ideas in Ladies Neckwear

Fancy Cushions

Jet Belts

Laundry Bags

Pillow Covers

Normal College and U. of M. Pillows

Jackets and Furs

New Table Linen and Doylies

A beautiful line of China Silks.

When out for Christmas shopping don't make a mistake and pass our store.

DAVIS & KISHLAR.

Make Your Holiday
Purchases Early

The opportunity to look around is much better.

You avoid the Holiday rush and all annoyance of crowds. Our stock is now complete. We invite

You to inspect it.

FRANK
SHOWERMAN,

Jeweler.

Christmas Opening

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9,

Will be the Holiday Opening at Santa Claus' Headquarters,

The 5 and 10 Cent Store

This will be the Record Breaker of all previous Christmas displays ever shown in Ypsilanti under one roof.

A Lucky Purchase.

Having imported our entire line of Holiday goods for our Christmas Trade last April, before the raise in prices, we are enabled to put on sale the greatest line of Bargains ever offered to Washtenaw County bargain buyers. Just think of it, over 3,000 square feet of shelving covered with handsome Christmas Gifts at prices that will surprise everyone. Chuck full from top to bottom, from front to back. Never before had you such a choice lot to pick from.

Quantity and Quality.

Such a line of China, Glassware, Silver Novelties, Celluloid Cases, Albums, Toilet Sets, Jardiniers, Lamps and in fact everything you could call for in a first-class China and Bazaar Store. Here is a sample of our Bargains in China Sets: Just 6, 102 piece sets of Haveland China Dinner Sets left, in three different decorations, worth from \$35.00 to \$38.00 each, going at \$24.98. This price is a world beater, now is your chance. Sixteen 102 piece sets of fine China Dinner Sets worth \$20.00 going at \$14.98. Just think of it. Does not cost more than common porcelain.

Dolls, Toys, Dolls' Cabs and Go=Carts.

Dolls, toys, Doll Cabs and Go Carts. Never before has Ypsilanti ever seen such a complete line. All new and nobby. Bring your children and look them over. Don't miss this chance. Come and see the display even if you don't buy. Splendid bargains from now until Jan 1, 1900. We will sell underwear and Mittens at cut prices. Don't miss this chance, but come and see how much money we can save you. Extra help has been engaged to show you around. It will pay you to come many miles to buy your holiday goods from us.

DON'T WAIT

Buy your Christmas gifts early. It is greatly to your interest to buy early; the opportunity to look around, to get first choice, and to avoid the rush. It will be impossible to duplicate these bargains at the same prices. Remember the place and follow the crowd to the GREAT 5 AND 10 CENT STORE, 125 Congress Street.

The 5 and 10 Cent Store.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1899, by Jeannette H. Walworth.

naturally smart and distinctly unfamiliar.

By the time Olivia, on her return trip, had made the grand circle around the beech tree, which she called "turning her ponies around," Miss Malvina was standing on the horse block in a state of nervous readiness and effusive gratitude.

"It was real sweet of you, my dear," she said, somewhat jerkily, as the ponies bounded forward, "to come back for me. The walking is so dusty. I don't often get such a nice ride."

"No; it's not sweet of me at all," said Ollie, with decision. "You are giving me credit I don't deserve. I love to drive my darlings, and I did not want to go into that gloomy old house one minute sooner than I was obliged to. I did not want to come to the funeral at all, but I was afraid Tom wouldn't like it. Poor, dear Tom! It will break your heart, Miss Mally, to see how white and miserable he looks. It has quite broken mine. He keeps on moaning because he did not get here in time to hear his father's voice once more. Oh, I could kill Keuben for that breakdown!"

Miss Malvina felt that she could gladly help in the execution. "And, Miss Malvina, we are going to take Tom home with us after the funeral. Papa says I am to cheer him up. I'm sure I don't know how. I don't see how anybody in the world can do that, do you? I know if it was papa who had been taken and I left alone in the world I should hate anybody who tried to talk me into thinking it didn't matter much. It wouldn't be any use, but then I don't suppose girls love their fathers the same way that boys do. Father says he will have to be a father to Tom now, and I tell him if he isn't just as good to poor Tom as he is to me I shall make him answer for it."

Suddenly the small, clouded face was illumined by a mischievous smile, and a sidelong look full of fun was flashed under Miss Malvina's Sunday bonnet. "You see, I feel as if I must be a mother to Tom now, or an aunt, or something elderly and useful."

Miss Malvina begged her not to be frivolous with such unlifting gravity that the bright face became overcast again as, with a hysterical catch in her voice, Ollie added:

"Oh, what a lovely world this would be if all our friends would just keep well and happy and go on living forever until we are all ready to start for the next world in a big family party, and the sun would shine all the time, and flowers be in bloom always! Oh, Miss Viny, I hate sorrow! I hate to cry!"

She was doing it copiously, however. Her dimpling smiles had all been drowned, her sparkling eyes grown dark with the gloom of her crude protest. Miss Malvina put an arm about the small, grief-stricken figure and moaned a platitude into the ear nearest her:

"My love, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The girl shook her off impatiently. "Oh, what makes you say that? The preacher will be using those very same words presently. They always do at funerals. But I'm not a man, not a spark, and I don't want to fly upward. There, now!"

Miss Malvina, feeling vaguely guilty and distinctly repentant, lapsed into silence. She was entirely unequipped with weapons of defense against this original line of argument. "Suppose we don't reason about it at all, dear, but just submit," she said meekly.

"We may as well," said the young girl, with a resigned sigh, "as insubmission neither alters nor softens the hideous facts."

But the word "submission" was written on one of the returned leaves in Olivia Matthews' book of life. It meant nothing as yet. They drove the short remaining distance in depressed silence—through the shadow of the valley of death—the gay little equipage and the vivid girl.

"Mother" Spillman, having emptied her bowl of cold tea, was computing the passage of time by her craving for food. Surely Malvina could not be away much longer. There she was



"A letter—a long, big letter," now! The porch floor was creaking, but the vibrations of the porch floor were caused by a heavier footfall than Miss Malvina's.

It was Jimmy Martin, who was mending the bean arbor that day. He carefully wiped the garden soil off his

clumsy feet before advancing farther into the neat sitting room. It was his second invasion since Miss Malvina's departure. "Mother" Spillman greeted him tartly.

"How much work are you likely to get done prancing in here every minute or two? I hired you to mend the bean arbor, not to nurse me, James Martin."

"This is only twice, missis, and my words' out. I was to look in on you occasional. I've found something out yander that maybe you have lost. That's what brought me this time."

"What is it?"
"A letter—a long, big letter. Mighty mused up it is, though. I'm thinkin the old sow must have snuted it under the fence when she was makin up her bed. I saw a bit of white gleamin when I went to nail on a new base-board to the fence."

Mrs. Spillman put out a withered hand eagerly.

"What's written on the back of it, James Martin? My eyes are not what they used to be."

"Nothin as I can make out for the dur-r-t. It's just a long, big, thick, dirty envelope, and it may have been there months from the looks of it."

"I know. It's mine. Give it to me, And James"—the old lady fumbled in the long pocket of her wrapper—"here's half a dollar. I pay you for that bringin me this paper and for holdin your tongue about it. Do you understand?"

"But, mum"—
"I pay you to hold your tongue, James Martin. One word about this envelope, and never another hour's work from me will you have. Now get back to the bean arbor." And James, knowing the minister's widow to be a woman of her word, pocketed his half dollar and shuffled back to the bean arbor.

Long before Miss Malvina got home, walking this time, with her brown serge held carefully above her dusty shoe tops, her mother had mastered the contents of the soiled envelope and secreted it between the back of her chair and its chintz slip cover, where, she declared, with a triumphant chuckle, it should stay, Matthews or no Matthews, Malvina or no Malvina, until she had decided for herself whether it was for Tom Broxton's good to have it found or lost.

CHAPTER III. WAS IT A GHOST?

"Could ye not watch for me one hour?"

With a sense of fright and recreancy impelling him, Tom Broxton deserted his bed at a bound, to stand, dazed and trembling, amid the familiar surroundings of his own bedroom.

Had he dreamed the utterance, or had the reproach been whispered into his slumber dulled ears by voice of mortal or spirit? He passed his hand rapidly over his bewildered brow and tried to pierce the encircling gloom with startled eyes. Was it a part of his hallucination that the gloom increased as he stood and stared?

A dim, faint radiance seemed to recede slowly from him, leaving his chamber in the absolute darkness that had enshrouded it when he retired. Presently everything came back to him—the utter weariness that had overtaken him when the minister's monotonous droning of his father's summarized merits had come to an end; his sickening sense of the futility of all the wordy condolences pressed upon his shrinking ears; his longing to be alone and in utter darkness, alone with his grief, veiled by friendly darkness; his turning away with a sense of dismal relief from the neighbor crowded parlors and halls, conscious of having paid the last outward show of respect to the only friend the world held for him.

Even Olivia Matthews had been an unwelcome intruder upon his solitude when, with a sweet womanliness that quaintly crowned her childish head, she had followed him up stairs with a motherly injunction about not sleeping in a draft and had placed on a table by his bedside the cup of tea she had brought him herself. Ollie was not much given to serving others, and even in his exquisite anguish Tom realized this unusual element in her hovering attitude.

Had he ever shown her the grace of a word of thanks? He could not recollect. The awful irrevocableness of his loss, the terrifying stretch of his companionless future, had swallowed up thought for anything else.

A portrait of his father stood on an easel in one corner of his room. He had knelt before it as soon as Ollie had left him and communicated the desire of his lonely young heart to the father who had been father, mother, sister and brother to him.

"I should like so to carry out your slightest wishes about everything, father, if only you had waited for my coming. If it is permitted the angels to stoop to poor mortality, guide me still, so that I may not miss the turning in the road that shall finally bring you and me together again."

That had been his last thought before falling into a sleep of utter exhaustion. It was his first recurrent one as he stood pondering his sudden awakening. The easel that held his father's portrait was hidden from him by

the tall footboard of his heavy four-poster bedstead. How long he had slept he could not compute.

On retiring he had topped his bedroom candle with the extinguisher and had excluded every ray of light from the moon flooded world by drawing the heavy brocade curtains. His eyeballs were hot and swollen with the tears that lay too deep to moisten his dry lids.

In the first second of his startled awakening he did not speculate upon the dim light that pervaded his large room briefly nor upon its gradual withdrawal. He was wide awake now and self-reproachful. He had fully meant only to take a short, needful rest before joining the watchers down stairs.

He had thrown himself upon his bed half-dressed. He lighted his candle now and passed beyond the high carved footboard. He would look once more upon the dear, familiar face from which he had drawn strength and inspiration all the days of his short life.

Conscience smote him for a coward. He had purposely turned himself on retiring so that he should not see even the pointed tips of the easel that held the portrait.

Death is very awe-inspiring to the young and the lusty. The revolt against it is natural and strong. It is only as we grow older and the prizes we have failed to grasp show their tinsel side that we come to think of the great Mower and his personal attitude with a friendly tolerance born of a sense of the inevitable.

The boys at Andover college would have stared and perhaps protested to hear Tom Broxton called a coward. Among his fellows he was esteemed one who was not a provoker of quarrels, but quite incapable of quailing in the face of danger.

And yet with his first glance toward the easel that held his father's portrait he recoiled with an audible cry of terror, but only for a second. Then he advanced resolutely toward it.

The easel was not as it had been when he fell asleep. Drooping over the broad, calm brow of the pictured face it held was a bunch of white cosmos flowers precariously clinging to the frame of the portrait by a twisted stem or two. Tom touched the flowers with a skeptic finger. Were they real or a part of his troubled fancy? They fell to the floor at his touch, and from about the green stems a twisted paper uncoiled in their descent. He stooped and picked the paper up.

Some one of his many kindly intentioned friends had stolen in with flowers and more empty words of condolence, he told himself, and held the paper behind his candle. Again that low suppressed cry of terror from the boy's startled lips!

Whoever had woven that loosely bound wreath of white cosmos, his mother's favorite flower, with which to crown his father's brow had wrapped about it a bit of his father's own handwriting, a careless, heedless mistake. Even as he pondered the mystery of the cosmos he was greedily reading the contents of the paper.

It was only a page of an unfinished letter, but the date made it precious. The habits of a lifetime had held good in the hour of extremity. His father never failed to date. Only two nights before that letter had been begun—and ended—when the pen had dropped from a nerveless hand. And yet, even as he read, Tom was conscious of a perplexing discrepancy. His guardian had said no letter had been written to him.

But thoughts of his guardian were violently shoved aside. This letter, unfinished, but priceless—where had it come from? He read and reread it standing there before his father's picture, unconsciously crushing the forgotten cosmos under his feet:

"My boy, soon to be my lonely boy, the last of the Broxtons, I have prayed very earnestly to be permitted to stay until you reached my bedside, but the sands are running out of my glass too rapidly. Let me try to write what I may not be permitted to say."

"My son, I am leaving you in a perilous condition—young, unformed, the possessor of accumulating wealth, which means accumulating temptations and responsibilities."

"I have desired for you a practical rather than a classical education. I anticipated, being a vigorous man and not burdened with years, that I should be in the flesh when you came to the time of life demanding a parental interest in your affairs. I have looked forward to many years of good comradeship with my boy. Heaven has decreed otherwise."

"I must condense into a paragraph what I had hoped to distill into your young mind through many years of happy and loving intercourse. Use your wealth. Do not let it misuse you. Remember that riches take flight often in the most unforeseen fashion. I can at this time foresee no contingency that would reduce you to the estate of a poor man; but, should such a catastrophe befall, God grant that your brains and your hands may prove good substitutes for lands and stocks. During your minority your affairs will be managed by my lifelong friend, Horace Matthews, in whose business capacity I have great confidence. But no man should rely blindly to the guidance of another. Bear in mind that your responsibilities are your own, to be shouldered, not shirked, to be borne by no one but yourself."

"I desire you on the day of your majority to take the management of your affairs into your own hands, subject, of course, to advice from your guardian. You will owe it to yourself to obtain a clear insight into the management of affairs during your minority. No honest steward will object to this accounting. As for your guardian, while I trust him implicitly—I—"

Tom turned the paper over impatiently. Surely there must be some-

thing more. Not an added syllable! Where had this unfinished letter, so precious and so all important, been found? Who had conveyed it to his hands?

He had himself searched every drawer and every compartment of his father's desk and found nothing. He had questioned Mr. Matthews with querulous insistence, only to be assured by him that his father had left nothing for him personally in writing, and yet here, twisted ruthlessly about the stems of flowers which came no one knew whence, were his father's last, most precious utterances of advice and love.

He folded the piece of twisted paper into proper shape and laid it away in an inner pocket of his waistcoat. The flowers which he had crushed under his heels sent up a sickly fragrance. A strong gust of wind set his candle aflame. It guttered and died out suddenly, only to add to his sense of shuddering isolation. He could have cried aloud for human companionship, for the sound of a fellow creature's voice. He bethought him of the friendly watchers down stairs.

On second thoughts he should not like to face his father's faithful friends with white lips and trembling limbs. He would quiet his nerves by spending a few moments in his father's own room. Amid its familiar surroundings he could relight his candle and regain

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOCIETY KLEPTOMANIACS.

They Purloin Articles of Virtue From the Homes of Officials.

One of the leading jewelers of the capital was somewhat taken aback one day, says a Washington paper, by receiving from the wife of a high official an order for half a dozen gold nails with a jewel in the head of each and a dozen small gold chains. He inquired the uses to which the nails were to be put, when his patron said:

"You see, I have a number of very valuable objects of art, which, although they are very expensive, are very small and easily handled. As the wife of an official of the government, I am obliged to open my house during the season to the constituents of my husband and the Washington curiosity seeking public in general. On my reception day, therefore, my house is crowded with all sorts of people, and last winter I suffered the loss of several of my most valuable treasures."

"I have long been trying to devise some plan by which I can keep my objects of art outside of my cabinets and yet not have them stolen, for that is the only word I can use in regard to the loss of my treasures. I have concluded that I must either nail down some of the bric-a-brac or chain it securely to the table, and hence I am going to try this remedy. That is why I want these nails and chains."

This woman's predicament is not an unusual one in Washington official circles. The kleptomaniacs who commit the most aggravated depredations are for the most part well known leaders in society.

One winter social circles in Washington were greatly bewildered and shocked by the doings of one of the best known women in official circles. A number of hostesses began to miss valuable doilies from their dinner tables after they had given luncheons or dinners, and finally several of them got together and compared notes, and suspicion fell upon one of the women who had been the guest at luncheons given by those gathered at the conference.

Finally the wife of a prominent diplomat determined to stop the raid upon the doilies, and at the next luncheon she seated the suspected kleptomaniac next to her. When the doilies were brought on, she watched her guest and discovered that the latter laid her doily on the table and, carelessly dropping her handkerchief over it, picked up both.

The hostess, in a most charming manner, turned to her guest and said: "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. —, but I am afraid you have my most exquisite doily in your handkerchief. It is so fine I am afraid it will be crushed and therefore call your attention to your inadvertence in taking it up with your handkerchief."

The guest was not in the least abashed, and with a laugh she shook out her handkerchief, and the doily fell back on the table, whereupon she exclaimed: "Why, dear me, so I have! How very careless of me!"

There were significant glances all around the table, but no more doilies were lost during that season.

Not Stricken With Grief.

"I thought my ambulance service had hardened me against unpleasant surprises," said a young doctor who does considerable work on the lower east side, "but sometimes it seems not. For instance, yesterday morning when I called on an old woman patient in a big tenement down town I found she was dying, and I was shocked to see lying asleep close beside her on the narrow bed a young girl of about 15."

"I argued her at once and explained to her that her grandmother was within a few minutes of death. I thought naturally that she would jump out of her unpleasant position, without thinking long about the manner of her jumping. But I fooled myself. She just glanced at the old lady and shook off my hand suddenly and muttered 'You lemme lone,' then she turned over to go to sleep again without moving away an inch."

"The rest of the family went on with their chattering and wailing, and when I left the house after the end had come to the grandmother the girl was still sleeping there, refusing to have her morning nap disturbed, and somehow my system was considerably jarred by the thing."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

POISONS IN MURDER.

THE USE OF THE SUBTLER DRUGS SELDOM BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Strychnine and Arsenic Are Clumsy Agents of Death, as Their Traces Remain in the Victim Indefinitely. Poisons in Novels and Plays.

"A recent newspaper article," said a physician, "called attention to two curious facts, or rather, alleged facts, about poison. First, that it is so seldom resorted to by murderers, and, second, that its use is almost invariably followed by detection. One might answer both statements with the question: How do we know? How do we know that the few clumsy cases that come to light represent the sum of that kind of crime?"

"It is undeniably true that there are certain drugs which, if administered with skill, would be almost impossible to detect. Their symptoms are practically identical with those of familiar diseases, and a little while after death they decompose, change form and disappear."

"It would be possible, too, to inoculate a victim with the germs of some deadly malady. He would then go to his grave with a real case of consumption or pneumonia or lockjaw, and there would be nothing to arouse the shadow of suspicion. I believe firmly that such crimes are committed and never discovered, but I believe also that they are very rare. The real safeguard of a community lies in the fact that so few murderers possess the requisite skill."

"Educated people seldom commit deliberate murder," continued the doctor, "and the uneducated mind instinctively associates poison with two substances—arsenic and strychnine. They are the deadly drugs most familiar to the public, and fortunately they are easily detected. Murder by arsenic is infinitely clumsy. To begin with, the symptoms are marked and peculiar; being a metallic product, its traces remain in the body an indefinite time."

"Last summer a woman in Barcelona, Spain, confessed that she had poisoned her sister with arsenic 15 years before. The grave was opened and the coffin found to contain nothing but dust and ashes, but a chemical test showed unmistakably the presence of the drug."

"Mrs. Maybrick was accused of killing her husband with arsenic, and the test revealed it plainly not only in the remains, but in certain medicines. The demonstration was so conclusive that she finally arose in court and admitted giving him a 'white powder,' but insisted that she followed his own express directions."

"One of the most ingenious cases of poisoning I ever heard of occurred some years ago in another state. A young physician plotted to kill a wealthy farmer. He knew the latter was taking quinine for a cold and, meeting him one day, asked to see what size capsules he used. While pretending to examine them, he slipped in one containing strychnine. The farmer happened on it nearly a week later and died in convulsions. An autopsy revealed the poison, but the affair was a deep mystery until the doctor committed suicide, leaving a written confession."

"The poisonings that occur in novels and on the stage are usually very amusing to a student of toxicology," said the physician in conclusion. "I remember in 'Sam'l o' Posen,' which was produced with such success by M. B. Curtis, the drummer hero was temporarily knocked out by a poisoned cigar. He took two or three whiffs, and over he tumbled. I would like very much to know the name of the drug that would produce that sort of effect."

"Nearly all the poisoning in fiction is equally surprising. There is a well known English romance in which the heroine inhales the fragrance of a bunch of roses and instantly falls dead. Needless to say, the poisoned perfume is wholly unknown to science."

"Another story—But I could keep on citing instances all night. History isn't much better. Most of the yarns of the Borgias and Medicis are pure moonshine, especially those about poisoned gloves, poisoned tapers and other applications of drugs or things that are touched or handled."

"The tale of the book which was anointed on the margins with some deadly substance that killed the person who moistened his fingers to turn the leaves has possibly a foundation in truth, but, I confess, I would be puzzled to know how to prepare such a volume. Almost anything that might be used would instantly betray itself by its taste."

"In the middle ages powdered glass is said to have been a favorite material with which to 'doctor' food, and you'll find some interesting data on the subject in the autobiography of Cellini, the goldsmith. It is occasionally used by negroes right here in the south. Of course, powdered glass isn't a true poison. It sometimes kills by setting up internal inflammation. Oftener it has no effect at all."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poisoning of the Iowa River.

Marshalltown, Ia., Dec. 4.—Tama county has commenced injunction proceedings in the Marshall county court against the Glucose Sugar Refining company, of this city, to prevent the factory from emptying its sewage and waste into the Iowa river, thus injuring the stock and people along this stream and killing all the fish.

Money has been and always can be made more easily out of simple patented inventions than out of any investment or occupation.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east.

DIAMOND DOLLARS OF 1804.

Only Four of the Original Coinage of 19,570 in Existence.

"Every now and then one reads about the discovery of another of the famous 'diamond dollars' of 1804," said a gentleman of this city who owns one of the finest private collections of coins and medals in the south. "The dollars of that date are popularly supposed to be worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000 apiece, and if a few originals could be produced I dare say they would bring that figure easily enough. But it happens, unluckily, that there are only four on earth, and they are locked up in the vaults of the treasury building at Washington and couldn't be bought at any price. They are what are known as the 'test pieces,' which are always laid aside whenever a new coin is struck, and the rest of the issue is at this moment quietly reposing under several miles of deep blue sea. The true story is rather interesting. In 1804 the mint at Philadelphia is known to have turned out 19,570 silver dollars. That was the entire issue, barring the test pieces I have just spoken of, and it was never put into circulation. The whole lot, just as it came from the stamping presses, was dumped into an iron chest and put on board a merchantman bound for China. It was directed to the captain of a United States frigate then in oriental waters, and was intended to be used in paying certain expenses connected with the service. The merchantman ran into a Chinese typhoon and went to the bottom, where to the best of my information she still remains, iron chest and all, and that is the reason your Uncle Sam is the only collector in the world who has a complete set of American dollars. Every other collection, including my own, is short one issue, and the gap will never be filled until the sea gives up its own."

"Do you mean to tell us, then," said a listener to the foregoing, "that all the 'diamond dollars' now in private cabinets are counterfeits?" "By no means," replied the collector. "I own an 1804 dollar myself, and there are at least three others, to my knowledge, in the south. They were issued by the government and are perfectly good and legal coins, but they are not originals. They are what are known technically as 'restrikes.' In the early days, when the mints had a few coins left over from one year to another, they would change the date by striking them with a special die, an operation that can always be detected by an expert. For some reason or other, nobody knows just why, a few dollars of the 1800 issue were restruck in 1804 and put in circulation. It is probable that the total number was not over 40 or 50, and a good many have been lost. The ones in existence are worth \$150 apiece, and you may rest assured that all the 'diamond dollars' not mere imitations belong to this little lot of restrikes."

"Of course, some of them have been sold to green collectors as originals, and I was myself the innocent cause of such a transaction only a few years ago. A friend of mine, who lives in an adjoining state, and who owns a great many rare and beautiful coins, telegraphed me one day asking whether \$500 was too much for a genuine 1804 dollar. I took it for granted that he knew the facts about the issue, and after puzzling over the message for a considerable time concluded that it was an obscure joke of some kind and that I was simply too stupid to see the point. So I wired back advising him to buy a bushel at that figure, and he promptly closed the deal. It turned out afterward that the coin was a restrike, and my friend has never quite forgiven me. What deceived him was the fact that the piece was known positively to have been locked up in an old chest at Savannah since 1812. That did away with the counterfeit theory, and the only thing he was doubtful about was the price."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AN ENGLISH "TREAT."

The Difference Between the British and American Methods.

I was constantly struck, says Colonel T. W. Higginson in The Atlantic, with the genuine spirit of hospitality among Englishmen toward Americans, as such, even those with whose pursuits they might have almost nothing in common, and for whom they had not the slightest reason to put themselves out. I liked this none the less for its having its definite limitations as to pecuniary obligations, and the like, including everything in the nature of "treating," all this being in my opinion a weak point in our more gushing or more self-conscious habit.

I remember to have once been taken by a gentleman, on whom I had but the slightest claim, to the country house of another, on whom I had no claim whatever. The latter was not at all literary, and had not even the usual vague English interest in American affairs. Yet he gave up his whole afternoon to drive me to Keenworth, which he had seen a thousand times. But that for which I liked him best, and which afforded me a wholly new experience, was that as we entered the outer doorway, he, going first, looked back over his shoulder and said simply, "They make you pay threepence for admission here," and then added, speaking to the attendant, "here is my threepence."

After all the time and trouble he had given to his stranger guest he left him to pay his own threepence, a thing which most Americans would not have dreamed of doing. It would have been the American notion of good breeding to save a guest from expense, as it was the English impulse to save him from the sense of obligation. I confess that I prefer the latter method.

Don't be fooled twice in the same way.—Aitchison Globe.

99c

For one dozen

CABINET
PHOTOS

This may seem impossible but it is possible. To see samples is enough, if not satisfied, you are nothing out.

We refund your money.

The Finest Mat Finish for
\$1.50, \$2.00 and up.

In Photo Buttons we are
Manufacturers.

Minature Photo
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125 Congress St. Over 5 & 10 Cent Store

Geo. W. Hayes

Cash Grocer.

Fine Teas and Coffees,
Fruits and Vegetables in
season, Stationary and
Harness.

18 E. Cross Street,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

New State Phone 234.

LOST.

A Holstein Cow—without horns. Any one detaining her after this notice will be prosecuted. Suitable reward for information. DR. GIBSON. 1-w

LOCAL NEWS.

Herbert Blodgett sang at a recital given by Marshall Pease in Detroit last evening. The Poultry Association meet this evening to arrange for their annual exhibition. An informal party will be given in light guard hall this evening by Pink Bros. President Merrill of the D. Y. & A. A. reports that 4,000 persons are carried daily on the line.

The D. Y. & A. A. motormen and conductors give a grand ball in the Wayne Opera House, Friday Dec. 8.

City Clerk McGregor's report for the month of November shows the following sums to have been collected and credited to the various city funds:

Contractors Howind and sub-contractor Burg have practically completed their work on the paving jobs, but they will both remain in the city for two or three days longer.

The Presbyterian ladies ask that all wishing to give to their Christmas market will bring the contributions to the home of Mr. Edgar Rexford, of Huron street not later than Monday evening.

Water works fund	\$2,614.26
Contingent fund	944.96
Sewer connection fund	90.64
Street light fund	34.84
Fire department fund	16.10
Sewer fund (bond sale)	2,015.00

The last brick on the paving jobs was laid on South Washington street, this noon, by Howind and Bogert. There now remains but the filling in of the interstices with tar and cement, which can be done in a few hours of favorable weather.

"New Congressman" H. C. Smith appeared on time at the capitol Monday and was assigned his seat in the lower house in the midst of a bunch of other Michiganders the "genial jollier" is reported to be ready making himself "solid" with his colleagues.

The collection taken up at the Union and Episcopal services Thanksgiving will be devoted to the Home Association. The Union Service offering was \$30.92 and that from St. Luke's \$13.50. These sums will be a welcome addition to the Association's treasury.

Twenty five physicians from Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and surrounding places attended the meeting of the Washtenaw County Medical Association, held at the Sanitarium last evening. A noble paper on "Saline Cathartics" was read by Dr. Wallace, of Ann Arbor, and the subject, "Goiters" was discussed by Dr. Wilcoxson, of this city.

For Some unaccountable reason our telegraphic news failed to reach us for today's issue.

The floor of the Presbyterian church basement has been thoroughly finished since the last supper, and is now in fine condition.

That portion of the stone walk before the Jenks shoe store, which has been "out of alignment" since the removal of the Jenks wooden awning, was righted this morning.

A horse attached to one of Frank Stowell's coal wagons fell on the Congress street hill this morning. The steep, brick paved surface of this hill proves a "hard row to hoe" for horses drawing a heavy load.

Admiral Dewey's "gift home" transactions brought more or less unpopularity to his wife, as she was declared to be the mainspring of his action. That lady has now brought a direct storm of wrath upon herself from Washington polite society by announcing that she will return calls only by cards. Washington does not fancy "Mrs. Admiral" and is making no effort to conceal it.

A member of the Normal foot-ball received a letter this morning from Kalamazoo containing an account of a grand banquet tendered the Kalamazoo foot-ball team, Tuesday evening, by the President of the College. The Kalamazoo team is the winner this year of the Intercollegiate foot-ball championship, and it was to celebrate this fact that the banquet was held.

"A Texas Steer" was presented at the opera house last evening, before a large audience. The company was on the average a good one, although the delineation of "Bossy" was not altogether what might be expected. The portrayal of "Maverick Brander," the Texan congressman was the success of the evening. "A Texas Steer" is one of Hoyt's greatest successes, and when well presented constitutes an entertainment which of its class there are none better.

The ten-year-old son of William Coates was severely injured by O. A. Ainsworth's milk wagon. The little fellow slipped as he was stepping into the wagon while it was in motion, and his left leg was caught between the wheel spokes and ground up against the wagon spring. A large triangular wound was made in the limb, and the flesh in other places was bruised and torn. The young man will be horsed combat for some time.

Miss Bertha Teuffel, a former well known Ypsilanti young lady, has arrived in the city from Dwight, Ill., and is visiting old friends.

NORMAL COLLEGE.

The senior classes met for organization Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Eleanor Thomas is seriously ill at her home on Oakwood Ave.

Miss Margaret Wise has returned to her work after a brief illness.

The classification of seniors for the work of the next 12 weeks has begun.

Prof. Grawn will address the Y. M. C. A. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2 o'clock in Starkweather Hall.

The December number of the Educational Review contains an article by Prof. Julia A. King.

The Amateur Photographers Club lately organized has for officers, Pres. Roy Coville; Vice Pres. Miss Hale; Sec'y Miss Bearse.

Mr. Herbert Blodgett of the conservatory sang at a recital given by the pupils of Mr. Marshall Pease in Detroit Tuesday afternoon.

Prof. Hoyt has been invited to become an honorary member of the Phi Delta Pi fraternity and has accepted, much to the delight of the society.

The next number of the Normal music and lecture course will be the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Concert on the afternoon of Dec. 18. The hour of the matinee together with a more extended notice will be given later.

Women of a Dutch Village.

The village women of Holland take special care to keep the tips of their white lace hoods stiff with starch, which is as necessary a perfection in their toilet as polished linen and spotless collars with ours. This delicate hood is worn over a black skullcap that fits the closely clipped head very much like the headgear of a nun. The elderly women, widows, often wear a straw bonnet over it. A jacket of dark blue, with a breastpiece of cream cloth and dark blue border of the same cloth at the hips, constitutes the dress of the women and the girls.

The skirts protrude at the hips in a grotesque fashion on account of the many flannels which they wind about the body, evidently a fad with them as with many peasants of the Black forest, where the custom prevails to wear as many skirts as the spare box will allow, adding at least one skirt every year. They all dress alike, and the talk about dress therefore does not slip into their conversations, and on that score they are at eternal peace with one another, for no change of dress has occurred among them for centuries and will not for years to come.—Donahoe's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

B. B. Hazelton, of Cross street, is reported seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Frary are the guests of friends in Adrian.

Mrs. Carl Judson, of Grand Rapids, is visiting her parents in this city.

Mrs. O. E. Herrick, of Grand Rapids, is spending a few days with Ypsilanti friends.

Mrs. Maud Martin has returned from Homer, where she has been visiting friends.

Frank Daly has been detained from his duties in Dolson's grocery store for a few days by illness.

Mrs. Lucy Newton, of 404 Ballard street returned to-day from a week's visit with her son in Chicago.

L. M. Duggan, of Carson City, is spending a few days in the city, having been called here by the recent death of his mother.

Dr. and Mrs. F. K. Owen have returned from Buffalo, N. Y., where they were recently called by the death of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sutherland have returned from their wedding trip and taken up their residence at Ann Arbor. Mrs. Sutherland is the former Miss Minnie Davis, who was married at the home of Mrs. P. W. Shute, on Hamilton street.

Mrs. Johnson, of Cairo, Mich., formerly Miss Elizabeth Padgett of this city, recently underwent an operation at the Ann Arbor hospital. Her condition is reported very favorable.

An Odd Stage Wager.

The late Signor Foli, the well known vocalist, once made a very curious wager with some of his companion singers at Her Majesty's Opera House. Some 20 years ago Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust" was among his favorite impersonations. In the garden scene his strides when attempting to avoid the elderly Martha formed an important feature of the humorous business.

One night, the length of his legs being a subject of chaff as he was standing at the wings, he declared his ability to cross the stage in three bounds. The comments that ensued resulted in a bet.

When the proper moment for the experiment came, he retreated a few paces, and then, to the surprise of the audience as well as to the representative of Martha, leaped from side to side. The scene never evoked more laughter, and Foli was acknowledged to have won the wager.

A SAD DEATH.

In a fit of despondency brought on by a two years lingering illness, Mrs. Minnie Fairchild, the wife of Harrison Fairchild, proprietor of the Fairchild's meat market, took her own life this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Mrs. Fairchild has been confined to her bed for many months and under the weight of grievous suffering had gradually grown melancholy and despondent. Her attendant left the house for a few moments this afternoon, and as the door closed behind her was horrified to hear the report of a revolver from within. Hastening to her patient's bed she found that the pain-racked spirit had fled to its master, death having been self inflicted.

Mrs. Fairchild had borne her terrible suffering for two long years with Christian fortitude and patience and had won the regard and sympathy of all acquainted with her sad case. That the strain finally proved too great for reason to withstand calls forth the most profound feeling of sorrow from all sides. The sad news has been conveyed to the husband, who is absent from the city on business, and he is already on the way to the scene of bereavement.

Honesty.

"Young man," asked the proprietor of the store, who was making the rounds of the various departments, "how can you afford to dress so elaborately and expensively on the salary we pay you?"

"I can't," gloomily answered the salesman. "I ought to have more salary."—Chicago Tribune.

Driven to Drink.

Artist—My next picture at the academy will be entitled "Driven to Drink." His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose? Artist—Oh, no; it's a horse approaching a water trough!

The bank checks passing through the clearing houses in London and New York in one month exceed the value of all the gold and silver coin in the world.

Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?

FREE! FREE! FREE!

BEST GRADE OF GRANULATED SUGAR GIVEN AWAY.

Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000) in New Fall and Winter Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Commencing Saturday, Dec. 9,

We offer FREE with each cash purchase of One Dollar or over one cotton bag (2 lbs.) of H. & E. Granulated Sugar.

This offer is Good either in the Bee Hive, No. 202, or the Shoe Store, No 204 Congress St.

In our Dry Goods Store we have ready for the winter trade a complete stock of Woolen Dress Goods, Underwear, and Hosiery for men, women and children, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums and Oil Cloths, Comfortables, Quilts, Cotton Batting, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Window Shades, Ladies' Fur Collarettes, Table Linens, Napkins. Towels, Handkerchiefs, Ladies Dress Skirts, Underskirts, etc.

In our Shoe Store will be found an unusually well selected Stock of Shoes for young and old of either sex and for all kinds of wear; our Shoes are Leather, our Rubbers are First Quality. All kinds of Warm Footwear. Prices on all our lines are low and have not been increased to meet the general advance.

REMEMBER Free with each purchase of \$1.00 or more a bag of H. & E. Granulated Sugar.

Trim & McGregor,

Dry Goods, Etc.

202 Congress St.

Orders taken for POCAHONTAS and ANTHIACITE COAL.

E. E. Trim & Co.,

Shoes, Etc.

204 Congress St.

COUNTY NEWS.

NEW BOSTON.

A masquerade ball was held in the opera house Thanksgiving evening; also a concert in the M. E. church.

Mrs. Graden with her son William, attended the funeral of her brother Mr. Geo. Eves last Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Butler spent Sunday with his son John and family.

Miss Bessie Youngs who is at present teaching near Dearborn spent Thanksgiving with Miss Cora Beard.

Mr. Andrew Rice, of Denton, came home last Saturday evening to attend the sparrow hunt.

The dressmakers firm of Misses Bailey & Beard has become insolvent (?).

The first snow of the season fell last Sunday. We all rejoice in the pleasant summer weather we have had this fall.

Miss Grace Whipple and Mr. Godfrey Mattias of this place were united in marriage Thanksgiving day. We wish them success in life.

Mr. Kaywood's brother, of Sanilac county, is visiting his relatives of this place. He expects to remain here till the holidays.

The Maccabees of this place have been on a sparrow hunt for the past 3 weeks. The captains and sides were the same this year as last. Last Saturday night they met at their lodge room to count the heads. The result was 3870 heads, Mr. Samuel Adam's side winning by 556. This means a big supper to be furnished by the losing side which will be given on the evening of December 22.

CHERRYHILL.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Huston are visiting in Ionia and Clinton counties.

The machinery is being adjusted for the milk skimming and it is expected all will be in readiness for operation by next Monday.

Miss Harriet E. Burd died Tuesday 28 aged 60 years. The deceased had been a sufferer with stomach trouble for a number of years which finally resulted in cancer. Miss Burd was born on the farm which she died. She was a lady in the full sense of the word and was held in high esteem by her many friends. Her loss is deplored by the community. A widowed sister Mrs. E. J. Boice and a niece Mrs. Wm. G. Fretz are the only immediate relatives that survive her. The funeral was held at the church the following Friday conducted by Rev. S. W. Bird.

Just 40 of the descendants of the late B. W. Huston partook of a sumptuous Thanksgiving repast provided by Mr. and Mrs. John Huston. Among the guests were Hon. B. W. Huston of Vassar and his son-in-law and law partner, Mr. Spears. A very enjoyable day was spent, the older members recounting their boyhood days when roast wild turkey and broiled venison was the ordinary bill of fair while for a pastime they would step out and shoot a wolf or two or if they wished a change in their diet or would go out and shoot a bear. The younger members being a little incredulous as to yarns spun by the older ones confined their thoughts and conversation principally to the disposition of their wealth after they get to drawing milk to the skimming station.

REDNER DISTRICT

Mr. and Mrs. O. Loveland just returned from a six weeks visit in Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey spent Monday, with Mr. and Mrs. Lesure of Saline.

Mrs. Wheeler, returned Monday from a two weeks' visit at Somerset Centre, with Mrs. Wilcox and family.

Mrs. Bert Johnson and Master Delas, spent Monday and Tuesday of this week in Detroit, with Mr. Henry Cartwright.

Mr. and Mrs. Ried Darling and Miss Althea, spent Sunday in Ypsilanti.

Miss Fannie Morrison, who has been a guest of Miss Mabel Redner, returned to her home in Detroit in time to resume school duties after Thanksgiving vacation.

The Girls Club meets with Miss Minnie Dunsmore Thursday, p. m. Quotations will be given from Shakespeare.

Mrs. Wm. E. Ward and Mrs. Lewis of Milan, called on friends here Thursday.

The Laniarack School under the auspices of N. Leolo Crittenden, teacher, will give a novelty social at C. E. Gooding's Friday, eve., Dec. 8. The money raised will be used to purchase library books.

A load of young people enroute from Milan to Willis passed through here Friday eve. They attended a party given by Mary and Celia Potter. All report a good time.

Rough on the Minister.

Sir William Long tells a story of an old Scotch lady who could not abide long sermons. She was hobbling out of the kirk one Sunday when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her, "Is the minister dune wi' his sermon?"

"He was dune lang syne," said the old lady impatiently, "but we wauna stop!"

The Festal Hour.

"How happy the Dabney-Joneses look this evening. It must be their wedding anniversary."

"No; they've got their old cook back."

—Detroit Free Press.

YORK.

Miss Donna McLachlin, who is teaching at Manchester, came home to eat dinner with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. McLachlin.

Commissioner Dillon is setting posts along the road side, where there are steep embankments. Later these will be joined by gas pipe. Thus many unsafe places will be rendered safe. Mr. Dillon is doing good work for the township, many words of praise are heard in his favor.

Eugene Dillon who now is serving his country in the Philippines has been heard from for the first time, since leaving the U. S. Eugene is reported well and all right.

York is to have another telephone line. The "New State" are about to enter the town.

Three weddings took place here last Wednesday Nov. 29. At the residence of Mr. Clinton Hobbs a very large number of friends and relatives gathered to witness the marriage of Mr. Hobbs two daughters, Cora and Gertie. The former to Mr. Samuel Draper, the latter to Mr. Arthur Carter. Mr. and Mrs. Draper are now "at home" at Milan. The third wedding was at the residence of Mr. James, Miss Maggie James being united in matrimony to Mr. Don Sweet. The young people all start in life with the best wishes of many friends.

Mrs. Warner who has been very low for some weeks from pneumonia was able to visit her grand-daughter, Mrs. Maude Montonge from Friday to Sunday.

The school was increased by three, Monday morning.

STONY CREEK.

Rev. George Marsh and wife of Chelsea spent Thanksgiving day with Rev. H. J. B. Marsh.

Reid Darling sold two thorough bred Holstein calves to Harry Day, recently. Marion Merritt has been improving the appearance of his home by the addition of verandas, paint, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracey Bissel returned Monday from several days visit to Denton and vicinity. They will be at home on Dexter street after December 5th.

The Junior League will have a table of useful and fancy articles for sale at the fair at Barr's hall Dec. 14. Patronize the children's table.

Mr. Robb and son Alex started Monday night for Ithica, Gratiot county, where they have purchased a blacksmith shop and outfit. Mr. Foley formerly of Willis took immediate possession of the vacated premises and will carry on the blacksmithing business at the old stand.

WASHINGTON'S LAST YEARS.

His Happy Life With His Wife at Mount Vernon.

At the time of his retirement to Mount Vernon, after the expiration of his term as president, "the tall figure of Washington was only slightly bent and he was still supposed to weigh upward of 200 pounds," writes William Perrine of "The Last Years of Washington's Life" in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Excepting his gray hair and his false teeth and some trouble in hearing there was little of the usual appearance of age in his muscular person, his gait and his strong, pockmarked face. He was affable and merry with his best friends, but while he had the true hospitality of a southern gentleman in inviting every visitor from a distance to his table or to a bed over night, his politeness was generally formal. Yet if he particularly enjoyed the conversation of a guest he would pay him the compliment of listening to him until after 9 o'clock, or even of lighting him with the candle to a bedroom for the night.

Mrs. Washington at this time was a healthy, pleasant and unostentatious little woman, still showing traces of good looks and with seldom any other thought than of playing respectably her role of mistress of the house of a country gentleman, of caring for the negroes or of amusing herself with her knitting. She had great pride in her recipe for making 'cherry bounce,' and on a midsummer day she cut out 32 pairs of breeches for the men working on the farm. She had said that she and the general felt like children just released from school when he left the presidency, and she told of her satisfaction in settling down again to the 'duties of an old fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee and cheerful as a cricket.'

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

In the teeth of the gale that hurls me down,
In the swirl of the ebb that sucks me back,
I—L, tide by tide and tack by tack,
Threading the Night where fanged rocks frown,

Ere the last spar fall, shall have somehow crawl'd
To that Port whence shone no light for me,
Where wrecked, if you will, but unappal'd,
I shall know I am stronger than my Sea!
—Arthur J. Stringer in Bookman.

The Wrong Day.

The heartless landlord has come to evict the widow with 18 children, many of whom are teething.

But at the threshold the woman waves him back imperiously.

"Not today!" she cries.

"Why not?" asks the landlord, with pardonable curiosity.

"Because," the woman replied, "no pitiless storm of rain mingled with icy sleet rages without!"

The landlord grinds his teeth in impotent rage. He may trample under foot the promptings of his better nature, but not the conventionalities established by long usage.—Detroit Journal.

A Mysterious Password.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts was once shopping in Paris and was passed from one department to another by the shopmen, always with the remark, "Two ten." She was escorted from counter to counter, and everywhere the cabalistic words "two ten" were repeated.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain, the baroness asked the proprietor as she left the establishment: "Pray what does 'two ten' mean? I noticed each assistant said it to the other wherever I went in your shop."

"Oh, it is nothing," he replied, "merely a password that they are in the habit of exchanging."

But the baroness was not satisfied with this explanation. So in the evening, when the porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, she said: "My boy, would you like to earn 5 francs?"

Of course he had no objection.

"Tell me," said the lady, "what does 'two ten' mean, and I will give you 5 francs."

"Why, don't you know, ma'am?" said he, evidently astounded at her ignorance. "It means, 'Keep your two eyes on her ten fingers.'"

The mystery was solved. The shopmen of the Trois Quartiers had taken the richest and the most generous woman in Great Britain for a shoplifter.

—Tit-Bits.

Where Everything Grows.

The tuberose flourishes amazingly in the open air in the Transvaal with but the smallest attention and cultivation. The bulbs shoot up their three or four foot stems, each bearing very sweet smelling flowers, in an incredibly short space of time.

In Pretoria roses are prolific—in fact, most of the streets are bounded by rose hedges throughout their length, and they bloom with a frail, pink monthly rose blossom for three quarters of the year. In public places, such as the Burgers' park, the profusion of roses, lilies, carnations and tuberose is bewilderingly beautiful.

The wild orchids of Swaziland are famous. They are of at least 20 different kinds. They are extremely curious, and with a little care and extra heat they can be induced to develop into very wonderful plants.

Everything grows in the Transvaal if the trouble is taken to plant it. The soil being all virgin and naturally rich, the very smallest amount of attention is required.

Thrift.

"Speaking of thrift," said the prominent clergyman, "I remember one man who was as good an example of shrewdness as I have ever seen. It was when I began preaching that I met him. I was young and struggling, my salary was small, and the man was a member of my church. He used to do work on a scroll saw, and one of his specialties was a sort of plant stand with two shelves and with scroll work ornamentation. Two or three times he tried to sell me one, but as I had no need or use for it I told him so.

"The time for the annual donation party drew near, when everything that was given counted toward that limited salary. I was not altogether pleased, therefore, when the man with a plant stand appeared at the door.

"Here, parson," he said, "is a plant stand. It's worth \$10, and I'd like to give \$5 of it toward your donation."

"There was no way out of it. I gave him the other \$5."—New York Sun.

Giving a Super a Chance.

This is how a super, thus given an opportunity of distinguishing himself, once delivered a few short lines descriptive of a man being picked up after a cab accident: "The hansom cab was picked up off the esplanade with a handkerchief tightly tied around its mouth. When removed, it was found to be perfectly dead."

Still the manager gave him another trial the following evening, when he acquitted himself as follows: "The esplanade was picked up off the man, with the hansom cab tightly tied around his mouth," etc.

He was sent to the back row again, or maybe farther. This is not an unusual sample of what the average super can do. Naturally, therefore, managers look askance at training him.—Criterion.

Italian Babies.

Babies seem to be no trouble in Italy, and one cannot but be struck by the number of them. These bambinos are often hung upon pegs in the front of the house, where they look out of their little black, beady eyes like poposes. I unhooked one of these babies once and held it awhile. Its back and little feet were held tightly against a strip of board so that it was quite stiff from its feet to its shoulders. It did not seem to object or to be at all uncomfortable, as it only howled while I was holding it. I have an idea that, except when invaded by foreigners, the bambino's existence is quite happy.—Lillian Bell in Woman's Home Companion.

An Electric Dance.

Take a pane of glass—a broken one will do—secure it by placing the ends between the leaves of two large books, letting the glass be two inches from the table. Cut from lightweight writing paper, or, better still, from tissue paper, dolls, dogs and other figures. Place them on the table beneath the glass. Rub the glass vigorously with a silk handkerchief, and the figures will cut all kinds of antics.

He Hedged.

She—To think that you once declared that you would love me as long as you lived! And now, hardly a year married, and you care nothing at all about me!

He—But you see when I told you I would love you as long as I lived I wasn't feeling very well, and I really didn't think I would live long.—Boston Transcript.

How a Lion Charges.

A lion's first signs of anger are as follows: Its tail rapidly twists from side to side, the bottom slightly raising and the black tassel at the end beating the air; it lowers its head more than usual and growls, at intervals showing its teeth. Then its voice becomes louder, it roars, shows its teeth and lowers its ears, the movements of the tail increasing all the time.

At the time of charging—that is, at the height of its anger—the tail rises in the air until it is almost vertical, the black tassel continues to move, the ears are flattened completely, and the animal comes toward you at a slow trot, then at a gallop, and finally springs forward with open mouth and extended claws.

Sometimes it shows these various symptoms without charging, restrained by prudence, but it never charges without showing them. When the tail rises, the hunter can bring his rifle to the shoulder and await his opportunity. In hunting, a man who is on his guard is worth four.

A charge is extremely dangerous, almost always fatal when unexpected, either because of the dense vegetation or other causes, but if you see the animal getting ready flight is useless. Stand your ground. The only thing to do is to keep cool and trust in your weapon. If you have no confidence in yourself it is prudent to avoid measuring your strength against these animals.

Bread For Horses.

A delivery wagon of one of the big bread baking factories stopped in front of an up town livery and boarding stable, and two men at once unloaded barrels of bread and carried them into the stable. The bread looked good and was good. There were all sorts and sizes of loaves in the barrels—"home-made," "rye," "Vienna," "potato," "graham" and "cottage."

The curiosity of a man who saw the bread being delivered to the stable was aroused, and he ventured to ask the proprietor of the stable what it meant.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," said the proprietor with a laugh. "I simply buy it for horse feed. We grind the bread up and mix it with other feed, and it makes first class food for horses. It is stale bread and costs us 40 cents a barrel, and there are 50 or 60 loaves to the barrel, so you see it comes pretty cheap. Some of the bread is only a day old and is good enough for any man to eat, but the bread factories cannot sell it. What you see here are returned loaves from the grocer-ies."—New York Journal.

The Illusion.

"What beautiful peaches!" said an old lady as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of the choice fruit. They were covered with a pink gauze and looked very tempting indeed.

The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall and showed the stall keeper a small piece of pink veiling.

"Do you keep that kind of veiling for sale?" she asked.

The stall keeper told her that he did not.

"Well," she said, "when I took those peaches home they were small and sour and green, and I thought if I could get some of that veiling that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches, people would think I'd found the elixir of youth."—London Fun.

Some Queer Tastes.

He put his fingers in the open iron-work of the hotel lamp-post to steady his weak knees, wiped the rain from his face with a shaking hand and fixed an uncertain eye on the windows of the dining room. He was very drunk. His face was pale and hairy. The thin rain had soaked his rags. Inside the dining room well groomed men and showy women sat in a glory of tinted lights, in a room beautiful with table flowers, shining with silver and cut glass, warm with crimson walls, damask curtains, plush carpets. They lifted delicate food to solemn faces. They smiled formally. The dripping observer kept his watery eye on them. "Well," he said, in a voice of generous pity, "suppose they're enjoy'm'selves—in th'own way."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Severe Summary.

"It's wonderful," said the man with the solemn air of erudition, "what a difference a slight matter will make in the world's estimate of a man."

"It isn't so in literature," was the answer. "A man must have merit there."

"Not necessarily. If he gets his spelling wrong—that's plain ignorance. But if he gets his facts and logic all twisted—that's originality."—Washington Star.

Nailed Down.

One of the severest punishments a refractory soldier can experience is to be "nailed down" in a tent. It is said that a Turkish bath is a frigid affair as compared with a perfectly close tent under a hot sun, and after an hour or two of that sort of sweating the most rebellious soldier will readily promise to be good.

A Cinch.

Wealthy families in China who have marriageable daughters whom they desire to keep at home advertise for desirable sons-in-law. The son-in-law thus secured does not take his bride away, but merely hangs up his traps in his wife's home and becomes one of the family.

The length of the Grand canal from Tien-tsin to Hang Chow, in China, is 650 miles. It connects great ports with rich coal regions.

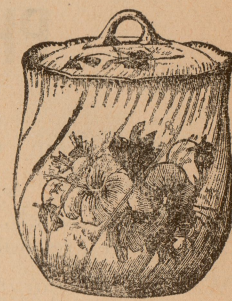
"THE RIGHT PLACE"

Merry Christmas

China for the Holidays.

And now for merry Christmas. We all look forward to this as the happy day of the year. We can help you to enjoy yours by supplying you with just the right articles for your table: Dishes, Glasses, the best of Groceries and fruit, the best of Bakery goods, the finest of Ice Cream. The finest of Candies, Nuts, etc.

It may seem early to talk about Christmas buying, but those who make their arrangements early save lots of time in the busy days just before Christmas.



Holiday purchases made now will be for future delivery as instructed.

DAIRY DEPARTMENT.

In our dairy department we have Milk Cream, Buttermilk, Ice cream, the best dairy butter, Creamery butter and oleomargarine, all at lowest prices.

Do you have any trouble getting good butter? If so try Creamery Olleo—at 18 cents pound. It's fine.

HOME MADE MINCE MEAT

You don't like the package meat. You have been unable to get the wet meat that pleased you, so you make it yourself. You need do it no longer. Our Home made Mince Meat will suit you, sure. One of the best housewives in the city said to us, "You can recommend your mince meat to be very fine. It is the first I ever bought that I liked." In quart glass jars 25c. In bulk 10c lb.

IOWA—10c box. Fine goods.

POP CORN—Shelled, ready to use 5c per lb. 6 lbs for 25c.

Cracker Jars
Cups and Saucers.
Bread and Milk Sets
Eancy Plates
Oat Meal Bowls
Etc.

Our 25c line of Cups and Saucers is exceptionally large and of fine styles. It contains many that were intended to be sold at much higher prices.

DAVIS & CO.
Try Commercial Job Rooms

Want Novel Effects?
Want Original Designs?
Want to Be in Line?
We Can Suit You!

DANCING ACADEMY.

The office of the Ypsilanti Dancing Academy will be open at Lightguard Hall from 9:30 to 12:30 a. m., and 2 to 8:30 p. m. We quote terms and receive the names of those wishing to join the classes.

Prof. Herbert Pink of the University Academy at Ann Arbor and of the Detroit school of Dancing will personally supervise the work. He guarantees to learn one to dance in one term or money refunded.

G. A. PINK, Manager.
New State Phone 314.

The Shame of It.

"Doesn't it hurt your conscience to wear those pretty bird wings on your hat?"

"It does a little, because they are not genuine wings. They are only clever imitations."—Chicago Tribune.

An excited man gives himself away. It is notorious that human nature is most easily read when it is turned upside down.—Detroit Journal.

A STRONG
MAN'S
LOYAL LOVE

That is what Jeannette H. Walworth describes in her pretty story, "LOVE FINDS A WAY." There are more characters, however, than the lover and loved. The story is, in fact, a character study admirably done, as is all the work of this celebrated writer.

We have purchased the serial rights of the story for this section and it will appear in this paper, beginning soon.

BE SURE TO
READ IT

Not His Destination.

A steamer was stopped in the mouth of the river owing to a dense sea fog. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," replied the captain.

"But I can see the stars overhead," continued the old lady.

"Yes; but until the boilers bust we ain't a-going that way."—World's Comic.

Happiness.

Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist of three ingredients, action, pleasure and indolence. And though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition.

Habit.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who, from being long accustomed to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard is not impossible or improbable.

Russian families, when moving to a new home, kindle the fire on the hearth with coal brought from the old residence.

It is strange, but true, that today will be yesterday tomorrow.—Chicago News.